



Change: the Only Constant



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The Original Piece of Poetry

Mind struggled the bewildering night.

People talking of their sacred book and preaching of love all
their life.

Youth has nothing to recite,

Old is sinking in the modern light.

Affectionate heritage has shaped into a wildering sight.

Passion has engulfed the world with bruised lullaby.

The embered sky could not hue the azured flight,

Maa arrayed in the reverie of sight.

All night long nothing stirred, the bewildering mind searched for
identity unheard.

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Biography of Author

	<p>Itika Juyal is a scholar researcher at Bachelor Academic degree of English in Amity School of Languages, Lucknow, India. She viewed:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Solitude is bliss2. Change is the only constant3. I write poem because I feel poem is the crown of literature
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